

INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

W. O. HILLMAN, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 24.

Jesus teaches by parables—the growth of the kingdom.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 4:21-34. GOLDEN TEXT—The earth shall be sown with the seed of the kingdom of heaven.

Jesus is now revealing to his disciples the kingdom in secret which they were later to reveal in public.

Hearing (vv. 21-25). It is an obligation resting upon each of us who has the light of truth that he should set it before men that it can be seen that men may be enlightened.

Light (vv. 25-34). The secret things of our lives will be brought to light some day. Ears are given with which we are to hear, and the possession of hearing involves the responsibility as to what we hear.

Parable of the lamp follows closely upon the parable of the sower in our last lesson. "God, who first created light, and Christ, in whom was life, and the life was the light of men," both together are ones whom we are equally obliged to see, and hear and obey.

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CHESTERS TELL

(Continued from Page One.)

curate—had his spoon in the midst of his dessert, and left it there; we, discussing ways and means to make a French oyster taste like an American one, had turned toward each other, and continued to look each other fixedly in the eye.

It was the voice of the siren! Time was when the rise and fall of that piercing whistle would bring back a favorite picture of a crack hood-and-ladder company racing to a fire, with three beautifully prancing horses dashing proudly down the middle of Fifth avenue, and the traffic spreading quickly to the curbs, and a black and white coach dog, with his mouth wide open, and his eyes bulging, and his ears flying straight back, and his tail stiff as a poker, running like mad ahead of the horses, barking with every lung in his body, and thinking that he was responsible for the whole thing.

A siren will never mean merely that to us again. This time it was like the raising of a curtain on a far different scene.

We were in London. It was five o'clock in the morning, and we were asleep in one of the big Piccadilly hotels.

I didn't hear the siren. When I awoke, the big guns were booming everywhere.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" I listened attentively and made an accurate guess. "Kiddy!"

"Yes," came a quiet voice out of the dense darkness. "Oh, you're awake. Well, here it is."

"No." "Yes, it is! It's the Zep!" "Really!" A soft hand slipped over from the next bed and met mine half way. "What do we do?"

"I don't know." Silence for a moment, while we considered that delicate question—that is, silence on our part, though outside the mighty falsetto increased, and a sharp whizzing shriek in the air, followed by an explosion, told of a descending bomb near by.

It was a curious sensation, that of lying in a snug bed in the dark with a bomb likely to pop in on one at any instant.

"I was about going back to sleep," came the quiet voice out of the darkness. "My first thought was that I might be zepplins, but I wouldn't believe it. We're so used to subway blasts at home, you know."

I laughed as I got out of bed. "It does sound natural." I commented; "but I'm sure it's an air raid. Don't show 'em light." I threw on a robe, and went to the door. The hall was dimly illuminated as usual, and two young women with robes over their night attire hurried along the corridor and into their room.

They were giggling! Bang, bang, bang, bang, boom, boom, boom! went the big guns; whizz! went the bombs. I came inside and turned on the lights; and was met with the natural question: "What do we do about it? Anything?"

"I don't know," I puzzled. Listening to the echo of an explosion that was louder and closer than any of the others. We looked toward the windows longingly. It was against the law to open curtains or shutters even so much as a crack.

I think I'll ask the clerk about it," I decided, and took up the phone. "Very well, sir," came a bored voice over the wire.

"What does one do in the case of an air raid?" I inquired. "We're strangers here."

"Oh, yes, sir," he drawled in a tone which was totally disinterested. "I was just about calling you, sir, to say that, since you're on the top floor, you might as well come down, if you like."

We looked at each other thoughtfully, and in the minds of both of us there was again the lively knowledge that at any moment a bomb might come crashing straight down through our room. It was an indescribable feeling, that tremendous imminence of an unseen danger, and I will not say that there was no such thing as fear in either of us. I do know, however, that there was an instant bracer of the spirit to meet that fear, so that it should not degrade us, nor shame us in our own eyes, nor hamper our actions. And it did not. I am trying to be accurate to that point, trying to set down as correctly as possible the workings of a normal mind under unusual conditions.

"We'll dress, I suppose," observed the quiet voice, and the possessor of it was already lacing her shoes. "I think so," I replied. I was making sure of passports and letters of credit and money, in case anything should happen to the room while we should be gone.

We dressed completely, went into the "all and rang for the elevator, but by the time it came, we had another idea: "Can you take us up on the roof?" "Not any more, sir," smiled the elevator man. "It's forbidden by the police. But I can take you up where you can get a good view."

had been in it had disappeared, though we were closer to the danger by being out from under the piles of sandbags which protected the main roof.

And there seemed to be no fear in the elevator man. It was unreal, unbelievable! Out there was the beautiful clear sky, with the moon shining brightly, and the stars beginning to pale in the first faint gray of the dawn.

The searchlights, centering over us to find the "beggar just above," seemed like a show of some sort. It was monstrously past comprehension that in this beautiful sky there hovered machines, guided by human malice, which were dropping bombs deliberately meant to deal death and destruction to us and all about us, to kill and maim women and children, and the ill-armed wounded in the hospitals!

The view was too limited out of those narrow windows and between the slits of buildings, so we went downstairs.

Only a few people, and those mostly from the top floor, were in the big, dim lobby, and no one seemed particularly perturbed.

We asked if we were permitted to go outside. Oh, yes, we might. The authorities would rather we would not, on account of flying debris; but there was nothing, really, to prevent us.

So we went. Wonderfully mysterious those London streets at night; weirdly dark, the shaded street lamps, in tangled, diminishing perspectives, casting downward their cones of luminous mist, and vague, shadowy figures fitting silently into and out of the lighted circles; gaunt, dim cabs, with their drivers swathed into shapeless lumps, formless, plodding cabs and wagons, silent and motionless "Bobbies," huddled early risers shuffling almost invisibly to and fro on a thousand missions of their own, and now, silent little groups here and there, faces upturned.

Nothing to see. The ships were so high up as to be invisible; they were not even specks in the clear sky. Presently, too, the booming of the big guns became more intermittent, and finally ceased. The air raid was over. Ever, and no great damage done!

The siren sounded again in the streets of Paris only a few minutes after that first warning, and the curtain slid slowly down on our London memory, as the lights were dimmed in our decorous French restaurant.

The waiters came away from the door, smiling and shrugging their shoulders, and the head waiter lowered his hand.

He considered it his duty to laugh extravagantly for the reassurance of his guests, and did so, though it was entirely unnecessary.

The French officer who was entertaining his family exchanged a smile with them, and resumed pouring the wine.

The young English officer lit a new match, and the pretty girl took up her silver laugh where she had left it off, with a curious effort of beginning again with the inaudible echo.

The American contractor observed, "Probably a false alarm," and set down his river and put a bridge across it.

The French banker, his eye twinkling with amusement at the excessive hilarity of the head waiter, tasted his dessert and found it good, and we put lemon on our fat, round oysters.

There seemed nothing else in particular to do. Nowhere in particular to go, for one place was as safe as another; and if anything were to happen it would, and if not, not.

No single diner left until he had finished, no one went to a window or a door. Of course it had been a false alarm.

One of the alert French gendarmes of the air, far towards the border, had heard a strange engine way overhead, and too far inside the line, so he gave the alarm for the chase, and a mistake in signals had treated the city to a long obsolete thrill, in spite of the fact that the raiders are scarcely likely ever again to reach Paris.

The buzze sounded "all clear" in a short time after the warning, and the vigilant airman, who never ceases to circle above their precious Paris, flashed their comforting lights as they whirred and dipped and tobogganed in the limpid moonlight air.

FRATERNAL NOTICES

Knights of Pythias—Mountain City Lodge No. 48. Meets in Third floor, Fleming Bldg., Thursday evenings, 7:30. P. H. Hall, Master of Finance; R. C. Miller, K. of R. and S. Marlon Lodge No. 21. Meets at Market and Merchant streets, First ward, every Tuesday evening. Monumental Lodge No. 201. Meets in Pythian Lodge room, Barrackville, every Tuesday evening.

Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees—Marion Review No. 30, meets every Tuesday evening, Maccabee hall, Main street. Mrs. Olive E. Harden, record keeper.

Brotherhood Railway Trainmen—O. C. Willis, president; E. D. Holden, secretary. Meets second Sunday of each month at 1:30 p. m. and last Sunday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in the Red Men's hall.

Loyal Order of Moose—Fairmont Lodge No. 9. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Moose Home, 415 Jefferson street. R. D. Harden, Sec'y.

Modern Woodmen of America—White Camp No. 5473, Meets every Friday evening at their hall in the Skinner Bldg., R. Leigh Fleming, clerk. Modern Woodmen of America Monongahela Camp, No. 14627. Meets every Monday, 7:30 p. m. Hall on Merchant St. Ralph Courtney, clerk.

The Protected Home Circle—Fairmont Circle No. 616. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in the Maccabees' hall, Main street.

A. O. U. W.—Meets on the second and fourth Monday in each month. J. H. Kinkead, Sec.; W. A. Crowl, Rep. G. of the A. O. U. W., meets first and fourth Monday of each month. Mrs. A. P. Jones, Lady Chief of Honor.

B. P. O. E.—Fairmont Lodge No. 34, at 7:30 o'clock. Charles D. Barry, Sec., 528 High street.

I. O. O. F.—Marion Lodge No. 11. Meets every Tuesday in Odd Fellows Hall. W. S. Pitzer, Sec. Palatine Lodge No. 84. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Odd Fellows Hall, corner Main and Monroe streets. H. W. Stoneking, Sec'y. Mountain City Encampment No. 5. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month. C. H. Riggle, Scribe. Patriarchs Militant. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall Thursday evenings. J. C. Glasscock, Captain; W. S. Pitzer, Clerk.

Daughters of Rebekah—West Virginia Lodge No. 64. Meets every Monday night at 7:30 o'clock at Odd Fellows Hall.

Ladies' Order Golden Links—Meets at Cunningham Hall, Jefferson street. Fairmont, every Tuesday evening at 7:45. Worthy Ruler, Beatrice Cole. Fairmont; financial secretary, Mrs. Martha Short, Baxter.

Masonic—Fairmont Lodge No. 9. Meets in Masonic Temple first and third Mondays in each month. Francis E. Nichols, Sec. Orient Chapter No. 9, R. A. M. Meets in Masonic Temple second Monday of each month. Francis E. Nichols, Sec. Crusade Commandery No. 6, K. T. Meets in Masonic Temple every fourth Monday. Francis E. Nichols, Sec. Fairmont Chapter No. 34, O. E. S. Meets in Masonic Temple first and third Thursday. Helen Fleming, Sec.

Ladies of Modern Maccabees—Dent Hive No. 753, Ladies of the Modern Maccabees. Meets the first and third Fridays of each month in K. of P. Hall, 1. O. of R. M.—Setting Sun Tribe No. 1. Meets each Thursday evening at Red Men's Hall, First ward. H. Ernest Hawkins, K. of R. 188 State street, First ward. Wometa Council No. 6, Degree of Pochontas. Meets every Friday evening at Red Men's Hall, First ward.

Library Association—The Board of Directors of the Fairmont Public Library Association meets in the Library Parlor the first Monday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. The officers are: President, Mrs. N. R. C. Morrow; vice president, Mrs. George DeBolt; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. J. Walter Barnes. Other members of the board are: Mrs. Jennie Enkle, Mrs. Francis E. Nichols, Mrs. Charles Baird Mitchell and B. L. Butcher.

Commercial Travelers—Fairmont Council No. 497, United Commercial Travelers, meets first Saturday evening in each month in Maccabee Hall, E. Bennett, sec'y.

Order of Owls—Fairmont Lodge No. 1922. Meets every Thursday in old K. of P. Hall, McKinley Bldg. W. H. Randolph, Sec'y.

Brotherhood Railroad Carmen of America meets every Wednesday evening at Red Men's Hall at 7:30. W. F. Gantz, Pres.; G. A. Sperring, Recording Sec'y.

A. O. H.—Meets every second Sunday at Knights of Columbus Hall. H. J. O'Neal, Rec. Sec. Boutlou Division, Ladies Auxiliary. Meets first

Friday of each month in K. of C. Hall. Knights of Columbus—Fairmont Council meets every Monday in old Masonic Hall, corner Main and Lexington streets. James T. Murphy, recording secretary, 14 McKinley St.

Woodmen of the World—Meets in K. of P. Hall, Fleming Bldg., H. T. Jones, Sec'y. Albert Court.

Marion Co. Medical Society—Meets last Friday of each month in the Fleming Bldg. President, Dr. L. C. Holland; vice president, Dr. L. D. Howard; secretary, Dr. H. R. Johnson; treasurer, Dr. W. H. Sands; board of Censors, Drs. L. N. Yost, J. E. Olfner, Wm. F. Boyers; delegates to West Virginia State Medical Association, Drs. H. H. Carr, A. L. Peters; alternates, Drs. E. P. Smith, C. W. Waddell.

American Insurance Union—Meets each second and fourth Tuesday of the month in the K. of P. Hall on Main street.

Y. M. C. A.—Fairmont Avenue and First Street. J. M. Hartley, president; B. L. Butcher, Secretary; J. O. Watson, treasurer.

K. O. T. M.—Showalter Tent No. 7. Meets every Friday evening in McKinney Bldg.

Pythian Sisters—Mountain City Temple No. 5, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening in K. of P. Hall in the Fleming Building. Millie K. Evans, M. of R. and C.

German Beneficial Union—Meets first and third Thursday of each month at 7 p. m. All dues and assessments must be paid on or before the first day of each month. Ernest Schwander, pres.; August Friedrich, Vice Pres.; T. J. East, Sec'y.

Knights of the Golden Eagle—Municipal Hall. Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month. J. L. Shackelford, Master of Records.

Marion Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen meets every second and fourth Thursdays of each month in the Maccabees' hall at 2 p. m. President, Minnie Hovatter; secretary, Mrs. Ward Hager; treasurer, Mrs. Jennie N. Hupp.

W. C. T. U.—Regular meeting third Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Mothers'

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Club meeting first Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. President, Mrs. W. D. Evans; treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Menear; secretary, Mrs. J. H. Beckman.

Ladies of the Golden Eagle—Mountain City Temple No. 29, meets every Thursday evening in Modern Woodman Hall, Skinner building. Florence Sims, recording secretary.

Royal Neighbors—Seaton Camp, meets every Tuesday evening in the Skinner building. Miss Daisy Adams, secretary.

Order Railway Conductors—Meets every first and third Sunday in Red Men's Hall at 7:30 p. m. F. H. Brumage, secretary.

Knights of Malta—Mountain State Commandery No. 445, A. & I. O. Knights of Malta, meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 in third floor Cunningham building. Eminent Sir C. K. Koyser; Sir Knight Commander, Sir T. E. Mfear, Worthington, W. Va., secretary.

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For further information, see any member, or A. H. Logan or L. H. Duffield. Watson Hotel, Room 21.

Meeting Place Cunningham Hall. Jefferson St. Opposite the Court House.

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